

The Times-Dispatch

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1910.

THE BLUES AND THE REDS.

The military parade yesterday was glorious, and it was not war. As the column passed by the Chesterfield we could not see that there was any difference between our own unapproachable men of arms and the brave array of the best New England blood. Possibly, the visitors had a little the best of the Blues in the matter of embonpoint; but the Blues and the Reds with the buff breeches and the reds with the white duck trousers, and the police on wheels and the police on horseback, and the Governors in the carriages, and the staff officers on wonderfully groomed steeds, and the hands of the Blues and the Reds and all, ladies and gentlemen, it was a glorious sight. As the column marched in perfect step on and on, one excited suffragette exclaimed, "Why, it looks just like a moving picture!" and it was the finest picture ever seen in these parts, or at least since the Foot Guards were here before. Richmond is beginning to feel a sort of proprietary interest in these brave folk, and if they would move down here permanently and begin to dig for the deepening of the James River, and would fetch their clothes with them, we do not believe there would be a dissenting voice to their attachment to the Blues, thus making a regiment of the bravest fellows that ever answered to roll call, or subdued a friend. Qui transtulit sustinet.

The Yankees will leave Richmond today. They have placed their Virginia comrades in their debt by the splendid spirit with which they have co-operated with them in making a military event that will always "right front into line" in the annals of this historic town.

THEIR IS THE BLAME.

Night before last President Taft promised an audience in Passaic, New Jersey, that the railroad bill would receive the approval of Congress, and before twenty-four hours had passed his promise was half-fulfilled. The House passed the bill yesterday afternoon, and will now take up other administration measures, while the Senate decides whether or not it will approve the railroad bill.

The prompt fulfillment of the President's prediction, and the passage of the railroad bill by the House after its death had been officially prophesied, indicates that the Republicans have been mending their fences during the last few days and are striving hard to leave no roll out of place when Congress adjourns. Indeed, President Taft intimated as much at Passaic, when he declared unequivocally that the administration measures would pass and that Congress would not adjourn before the measures approved in party council had been made the law of the land.

Manifestly, the Republicans have closed their ranks and are determined to "do something" before they again face the people and ask for re-election. They are afraid to appeal to the country without a record of constructive legislation for the present session, and they have determined to force through their party measures before the Speaker's gavel falls for the last time.

In carrying out this policy, the Republicans have about whipped the insurgents into line, and have about silenced their rebellion. When the roll was called yesterday, and all true Republicans had to show their colors in support of the railroad bill, only twelve members could be found outside the Democratic party who would vote for the recommitment of the bill. The others were like those Assyrian wolves which came down on the Israelites' fold—something had happened to them in the night and they were gone. They had talked long and they had talked loud, but when the real test came they were not to be found.

While this is no more than we have expected from the first, it indicates that the Republicans are the masters of the situation in Washington, and that they must stand sponsor for all that Congress does, and all that it fails to do before its adjournment.

Since the Republicans by supporting the administration measures, have shown their willingness to assume the responsibility for them, the Democrats should be no less willing. If the Republicans can make the laws, the Democrats can certainly attack them; and if the Republicans fail to revise the tariff and to reduce the expenses of government, theirs is the blame. These and like recent developments show the coming fight and make the issue plain. The Democrats can go before the people, not only to attack the Republican sins of commission, but the Republican sins of omission, and they can appeal to the country on a platform such as they have not had in years, and with hope of success such as they have not cher-

ished since the crushing curse of Bryanism fell on the party.

FOREWARNED FOR THE FOURTH.

The Fourth of July is almost two months off—so far distant that people in this part of the country have scarcely begun to anticipate its coming. Independence Day orators have not begun to patch up their eloquence; toy-dealers have not bought their fireworks; nobody is worrying about the celebration when there is Memorial Day and a great many baseball games and no little excitement of one sort and another before that time.

In the North, the authorities are already talking about the Fourth, although they are not promising any great unusual celebration for the one hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary of American independence. The good people of that section are rather debating seriously and earnestly how they can avoid the tremendous toll which this country pays every year for the celebration of the day. In 1909 there were about 170 deaths and 5,500 accidents as the outcome of the insane celebration, while in 1908 there were 163 deaths and 5,460 accidents, to say nothing of tremendous fire losses in both years.

Almost all of this loss comes from the foolish habit our people have of showing their patriotism by burning powder and shooting firecrackers. There are shooting and cutting scrapes on the Fourth, to be sure, thanks to the abnormal quantity of liquor consumed at that time, but ninety-nine per cent. of all the accidents that occur are due to fireworks and toy pistols. The reduction of this death loss is thus simply a question of changing our form of celebration and stopping the use of explosives on the Fourth. When this is done, the rest is easy, and the death loss becomes but a trifle. It is in this connection that the men and women who are working in New York and other cities are doing such effective service. The police have power to prohibit the use of fireworks and explosives at any time, and if they will use this power on the Fourth they can prevent the thousands of accidents that bring death and blindness and permanent injury to hundreds of persons. Mayor Gaynor, of New York, who has led the movement, and who fully appreciates the seriousness of the matter, has issued positive orders that no fireworks be sold. A hundred mayors in other cities have followed his lead during the last few weeks.

Mayor Richardson and the Police Board should do the same thing for Richmond and should do it now. Few of our dealers have yet bought their supplies of fireworks for the Fourth of July celebration, and all of them should be notified now that they cannot sell them in order that they may not suffer loss.

The fireworks must go!

THE TWO FIRST SOLDIERS.

In his speech at the banquet Monday night, Governor Weeks, of Connecticut, is reported to have said something like this: "The two greatest soldiers America has ever produced were both Virginians—Washington and Lee." That was a fine thing for Governor Weeks to say, because it was a true thing, and he said it like a man.

WHAT THE COMET WILL DO.

When the comet howled into sight this morning, at 2:36 A. M., it was only a trifle more than 38,000,000 miles from the earth. This is not too near for comfort, but the tremulous are wondering what will be the result when only some 4,000,000 miles or so separates us from the wanderer. Every day's dispatches bring new stories of marvels wrought by the comet, of evils attributed to it, or dire things prophesied for the morning of the eighteenth, when the comet will be nearest to us.

Every astronomer who can locate Venus with a two-inch glass, and thousands of others who are not astronomers and have no glasses, are gazing at the comet in expectancy and are trying to decide what will happen a week from to-day. There are as many theories as there are astronomers, and as many foolish predictions as there are wise and careful scientific calculations.

It is pretty well settled, however, in the minds of all whose opinion is worth while, that the comet will do no material damage. The spectroscopes which have shown astronomers the contents of the comet's tail fail to indicate the presence of a single dangerous gas. There are some lines in the spectrum of the comet with which even the most expert chemists are not familiar, but most of the lines are those of the common gases which are about us daily. The head of the comet, to be sure, which is fortunately far from us, contains the much discussed cyanogen gas, which is deadly to all animal life, but not a particle of this gas has been found in the tail of the comet.

The best informed scientists seem only to fear that the passage of the comet's tail to-day week may cause some electrical disturbances. While they are unable as yet to prove their point, the astronomers think it more than likely that the tail is heavily charged with electricity. If such be the case, the presence of the tail in our atmosphere may disarrange all electrical apparatus and may seriously interfere with the wireless service.

This is about all the comet can do, say the scientists, with a degree of confidence that should reassure every man, and should make the most tremulous go about his work next Wednesday as calmly as though nothing unusual were happening. Yet, this very assurance of science merely goes to show how far the world is advanced since Halley's comet last visited our heavens. At that time, astronomers

had accurately determined the day of its appearance and had traced its orbit, but they could not tell of what the comet was composed or what it would do. To-day, if the writers on the subject may be believed, we know thirty times as much about the comet as we did at its last appearance, and are proportionately able to judge of its real character. We are glad of it, because science so often alarms with reason that when it can reassure, it brings the truest consolation.

A MUSE THAT CAN'T SING.

The New York Times does not like Alfred Austin's "The Truce of God," which, as poet laureate, he dashed off when King Edward died. Neither do we. It has too many feet in some of its lines or not enough in others. It can neither be said nor sung, but it possesses at least the quality of distributing the load of sorrow which the English people feel between grief for the Royal dead and amusement at the official bard. No one would enjoy it more than King Edward himself if he could be here to read it. Here is one of the most impressive of Austin's verses:

For peace he wrought,
His constant thought,
Being how to shield his realm against
strife's baleful star.

That is almost as good in its way as the well-known lines of one of the poets laureate of North Carolina:
"I seen Pa come, stepping high,
As was of his walk the way."

Another verse of Austin's is this:

Round Royal shroud
A mournful crowd
Is all we left of one but yesterday
a King.

The Times, which has a practical turn of mind, professes not to be able to understand "how the mournful crowd standing around the shroud can possibly be accounted a part of what was yesterday a King," and Austin might say, it is not necessary that the Times should understand. This is not the only thing that the Times does not understand. It doesn't understand Dr. Cook, or Hearst, or Henry Watterson, or the South, or Mr. Bryan. Why, pray, should it be expected to understand Austin? He doesn't understand himself.

The Times is right, however, in thinking that "there must be thousands of poets in Great Britain who could turn out something more fitting" to this occasion than what Austin has written. We know that there are tens of thousands in the United States who could do far better without half trying. This we judge, from some of the things they have done on occasion.

There was a certain ode to Taft written by one of the sweet singers of the South on the occasion of his visit to one of the oldest of the towns in this part of the country, from which the following is taken by permission:
"Tis peace, sweet peace, that our nation
all crave,
And not humility that causes us to
cave."

Let the white man rule in his elegant
grace,
And the colored man conform to his
secondary place.
Let bygone days be cast aside,
And welcome our hero with hearts
open wide."

That is really better than anything
Poet Laureate Austin ever wrote or
ever will write. It is sound in its
philosophy, truthful in its description
of the attitude of the people, and it
has a poetic swing about it that immediately catches the confidence of the
reader. This sort of thing is being
done every day in the newspapers of
the United States. The Times says
truly that "the muse of the poet
Laureate has failed to rise to the occasion." The American muse never
fails to rise to any occasion. The
Times would doubtless like to receive
poems from all parts of the United
States on "The Death of King Edward."

TABACCO AND PREACHERS.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, adopted a resolution yesterday requiring all candidates for the ministry of that church to promise upon ordination that they would not use tobacco while in the ministry. This resolution was adopted by a strong majority of the conference, though it came as a minority report from the committee which had the matter in charge.

The conference has a right to make any and all regulations it pleases for the conduct of the men whom it appoints for the Methodist ministry. If men want to enter the Methodist ministry, they must conform to the rules and ordinances of the church and leave tobacco alone. If they want to chew tobacco or smoke cigars, they can do so, and the church will have no quarrel with them, but if they want the church to approve them as ministers they must forswear tobacco.

With this general waiver of all right to criticize, we would suggest to the conference, in the words of the apostle, that all things are lawful, but all things are not expedient. It may be well enough for the conference to have full power over the appetites and habits of candidates for its ministry, but we doubt that it is expedient to exercise this power. Tobacco is about the best weed that was ever given to mankind, used in moderation, physicians tell us that it is never harmful and is often helpful. Certain it is, that its use is not a moral question, to affect a man's standing in the eyes of his brethren or in the opinion of his congregation. If a man do not want to chew or to smoke, and wishes to drink coffee, well and good; but if he want tobacco instead of coffee he should certainly be no more condemned for its use than his brother for the use of coffee.

There is still another way of looking at the matter. There has been a great deal of talk in recent years to the effect that the ministry is getting out of touch with the world, and it has been said that the preacher no longer

stands, in the eyes of his brethren, as any other man would stand. The cleric is thought by many to be out of the world and out of touch with the world. There is probably enough truth in this complaint to warn the church against doing anything that will further withdraw the minister from his people. He should be kept as close to them as his priestly duties will permit, and he should let his brethren see that he is a man of like passions with them, yet living a clean and godly life. Tobacco will not make the minister's life ungodly, and abstinence from tobacco will not make his life godly; but to deny him the weed which makes all men brothers and to deny him, personally, the consolation of a good friendly smoke, is to put a wall around him and a useless restriction on him.

"A LARGE CIRCLE OF LADY READERS."

A very charming and intelligent woman writes to the editor of The Times-Dispatch saying that "your very clever, charming editorials have been the delight of a large circle of lady readers in Norfolk," but protesting against the cheerful reference in the article about Geraldine Farrar on Sunday to the fact, or theory, as you please, that "nobody goes to that town (Atlanta) who can in any manner stay away." Our correspondent conveys the meaning which we meant to convey when she says: "You surely mean that no one stays away from what can possibly get there." "You may cast slurs upon the red-headed widows of Houston, Texas, poke fun at the Old North State; but when it comes to Atlanta, the peerless, guarded, wild your most facile, fascinating pen; she deserves all the bouquets that can be thrown at her, and more, too. Richmond is fine, Charleston is finer; but the finest of all is Atlanta." That reminds us of a story that is told about Horace Greeley, who was regarded as an expert in farming. One of his many correspondents wrote to him asking whether or not guano was good to put on potatoes, and his answer was: "Persons of violated appetite might like it, but I prefer guano to mine."

Stopping only long enough to say that the smart thing that we said about Atlanta slipped in when we weren't looking, we would remark that we have the greatest admiration of Atlanta because in all the history of freaks there has never been a community that accomplished so much with so little. That is why we really like it and always cheer for it when anybody else is cheering against it, and that gives us the right, at least we assume the right, of saying what we really do not think about it and its funny ways.

But, dear Madame, we wish you would revise your order of precedence, so that it will read thus: Atlanta is fine, Charleston is finer; but Richmond takes the rag of the bush and knocks down the persimmon every time. Moreover, while we have been taught to beware the red-headed widows of Texas, we have never poked fun at the Old North State. Nobody could do that without exciting our most serious displeasure. We have a standing agreement with the editor of the Charlotte Observer to keep the Mecklenburg Declaration "top of column, next to reading matter" all the time, his idea being that it doesn't matter so much really what is said so that something is said. North Carolinians, of the Mecklenburg sort, believing that it is better to be exposed for their historical inaccuracies than never to be exposed at all. As we have remarked before, North Carolina is one of the greatest States in the United States, judging by the North Carolinians we have in Richmond and who do their trading in this town; but it must be remembered that our most intimate touch heretofore has been with the psalm-singing variety who have not yet grown into the ritualistic stage of development. They are coming, however, "Father Abraham, a hundred thousand strong," and they are coming to Richmond, which has more banking capital than any other town in the South and which could buy out Atlanta, and pay for it in cash if it cared to have it, which it doesn't.

Our correspondent will understand that all this explains why we wear our rue with a difference and why we throw her these violets even if they be withered.

A SQUARE DEAL, COUNTESS.

In a recent speech in London the Countess Carlisle denounced the middle class girl of leisure, saying that "it has come to this, that the girl of the middle class who is found idling at home and doing fancy needlework and playing croquet will have to explain herself. Girls of leisure are going to be the leavings, not the best. They make silly, extravagant guys of themselves and pretend they are sweet seventeen when they are getting old." We are all getting old, Countess; but why didn't you say something about the boys and men of the middle class and of the upper class as well, who affect membership in the leisure class? Why should they not also explain themselves? What are they doing for the communities in which they live? Why don't they get busy? How do they live? They do not even make fancy needlework. We don't care how you share 'em, Countess, so that you share 'em even.

THE COLONEL'S OWN SWEET WAY.

The Colonel saw the Kaiser yesterday while the planets paused in their

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courses and mankind stood and watched with bated breath. The Hercules of the West met the Samson of the East, and the greatest advertiser of America grasped the hand of the giant press agent of the Continent. It was a glorious spectacle, and one to which we shall fondly and proudly revert in the future for such sundry comment and moralizing as becomes the subject.

For the present, however, our interest in the Colonel centres around his brief, but brilliant experiences in Christianity. Every day brings new proofs that while in Norway the Strenuous One gave his hosts twenty-four hours' amusement every day and kept up a continuous performance with no waits between the acts. In addition to being lauded by the Dean and applauded by the Crown Prince, it now appears that the Colonel took a hand in Norwegian politics, and showed himself the same great Colonel.

It seems that the Norwegians have a Gifford Pinchot of their own, who happens to hold a seat in the Norwegian Parliament, and who is just now advocating some pet conservation bill. This bill has been faring rather badly in the Parliament, so the Pinchot in question, Gunnar Knudsen by name, naturally appealed to the Colonel for support. We say he naturally appealed to the Colonel, because the thing was inevitable, since the fame of the Colonel as the only true Conservator is known from San Francisco to Turkestan, and because an appeal to any one else than to the Colonel on this subject would have been as senseless as an appeal to any one else than the Other Colonel on government ownership would have been. In any event, Knudsen met the Colonel at luncheon and told him what he was going to do to conserve Norwegian resources. The Colonel said it was "bully" and slapped Knudsen on the back and took another drink of the King's liquor just to show how much he thought of the plan. Knudsen was greatly elated, and asked the Colonel if he might state publicly that the Colonel approved his plan. "Tell it to any one you like," said the Colonel, as he took another dish of salad and embraced Knudsen joyfully.

Knudsen did his part. He printed the story in the newspapers, and he told it at his clubs and he got up in Parliament and said that his conservation plan must be the only good one that ever was devised, because the Colonel had approved it. Knudsen meant well and, of course, expected the Colonel to stand by him, but when the Mighty Hunter saw what a storm he had raised in the Parliament, he denied the whole thing, called Knudsen a liar, or words to that effect, and so scared the gentle conservator that he withdrew his original statement.

Had this been the first time the Colonel had retracted an interview, and called the interviewer a liar, we should have believed him and would have said that his final condemnation of Knudsen was true and that Knudsen was a fit companion for those unfortunates who feed the flames of the Ananias Club. As it is, we, of course, stand with the Colonel on principle, but we know his ways and we believe that he was at his old tricks when he withdrew his interview. We have not a doubt that he did for Knudsen what he has done for others—drunk with them in the cabin when the weather was fair, told them all he knew, and then, when clouds began to gather and the thunders of popular disapproval were heard, he calmly threw his old friend overboard. It's the Colonel's own sweet way, and, of course, we love him for it.

It is just as we thought it would be. The Charlotte Observer sidesteps the issue in the case of the Rev. Dr. Orr, and assumes that Dr. Orr "is all things to all men if thereby he may evangelize some." But what has that to do with the inquiry we made? What sort of hymns or psalms does he sing? That's what we want to know, and what we asked. Can any man be properly evangelized singing hymns of human composition? Probably the Observer can answer that question; but it won't.

In the opinion of the Columbia State when the commission government gets fairly under way in that town, "delegations from Spartanburg and Charleston will come to Columbia once a week to drink the waters," which makes us almost satisfied that we are not living in Charleston or Spartanburg. Goose Creek is bad enough, in all conscience, but spare us from the Congaree and Broad, with the refuse of a thousand factories.

The New Haven Register extends "congratulations to the Foot Guards this time," because

"They are now in Richmond, and in the hands of their true friends, the Richmond Blues, who are the pick of the fellows of a very fine city. The hosts will try to have the last word in the matter of extravagant entertaining and rich hospitality. Thus again will the bond between Connecticut and Virginia be strengthened, to the everlasting good of us all."

That's the right sort of talk. The wonder is that we people who think alike and feel alike on the so-called sectional questions do not actually get together and drive the other fellows out. Why not? We are in the majority in fact. It is only the malingerers who have been keeping us apart all these years.



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Mrs. Russell Sage's Address.
Please give me the address of Mrs. Russell Sage.
This address has been printed so often that we cannot give it again.
Halley's Comet.
Please tell me what time the comet can be seen, in the west, or east, in the morning. Is not the tall an imaginary vision?
A READER.
The comet can now be seen just before daybreak in the eastern horizon, close to the star Venus. If you locate Venus, now the morning star, you will have no difficulty in finding the comet. The New York Times says that the comet is real, being gaseous and stretching for millions of miles.

WILL OF LATE KING TO BE KEPT SECRET

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.
WILL the terms of the will of King Edward be made public as was held from the public as was the case with the testamentary dispositions of his father, the Prince Consort, and of his mother, the late Queen Victoria. It has been known for some time past in court circles in England that he has left Sandringham, which was his private property, to Queen Alexandra for life. It has been since her marriage, forty-seven years ago, and within its borders she, rather than her husband, has always ruled supreme. It is there that her children and her grandchildren have been brought up, and there is not a corner in the whole domain which does not bear the trace of her personal tastes, and with which she is not identified. A perfect rule and shamefully neglected in the past, it was purchased by the late King by his trustees while he was touring in this country, and large sums have been expended in transforming it into one of the most charming country seats in England, and surrounded by gardens which are the triumph of that great landscape artist, Lord Redesdale.

It is probable that in course of time she will transfer her London residence back to Marlborough House, which belongs to the crown, and which was the metropolitan residence of Queen Dowager Victoria. After the accession of Alexandra to the throne, Queen Alexandra was his mistress from the time of her marriage until her husband's death, when she was crowned, not without considerable reluctance, she moved to Buckingham Palace, where, despite all the efforts made to displace her, she has never felt so much at home as at Marlborough House.

Activity of Prince Uchomski.
It is only fair to Prince Peter Uchomski, who has a number of friends in this country, and who spent some time in the United States in the spring of 1909, to place on record that the recent General Assembly of the Russian nobles at St. Petersburg, at which all the provincial councils of nobility and the nobles of the empire were represented by delegates, he vigorously opposed, and that almost single-handed, the reactionary resolutions which were adopted by the convention.

When the prince moved a resolution of approval of the energy of Premier Stolypin in reforming the abuses of the government administration in general, and of the police in particular, he was voted down, on the ground that any censuring of the established institutions and of the authorities was calculated to impair the respect which the masses ought to have for their superiors. Prince Uchomski voted against the resolutions of the assembly excluding the Jews from the professions of physician, dentist, lawyer and chemist, and barring them from the public schools. In fact, he opposed all the anti-Semitic recommendations of the congress, and he vigorously protested against the movement in favor of restricting the admission of the children of the peasantry to schools and universities.

If I call attention to this, it is because Uchomski can boast of a greater degree of intimacy with his sovereign than any other newspaper editor or proprietor in Europe, the prince owning the "Vedomosti," the most influential and widely read newspaper at St. Petersburg, as well as the oldest, having been founded by Peter the Great. The friendship between Emperor Nicholas and the prince is indeed, from the boyhood, long, indeed, before his accession to the throne. In those days the prince was

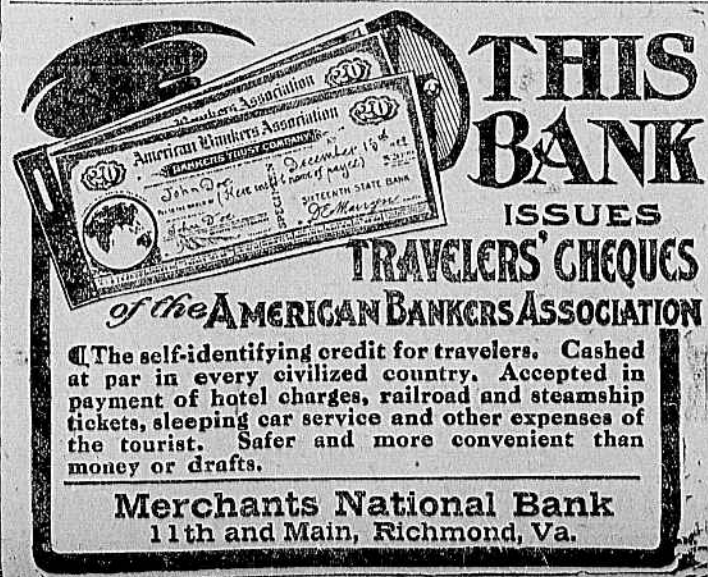
a very subordinate official of the Department of the Interior at St. Petersburg, and his close relations with the young Czar were a source of as much jealousy on the part of his superiors that he was repeatedly denied promotion. Indeed, when Nicholas insisted on his joining his party at the time of his memorable trip to India, China and Japan, a tour brought to a sudden and dramatic close by an attempt to murder the Russian heir apparent in the Land of the Rising Sun, every possible obstacle was placed in the way of Uchomski's going to the chief of the Interior Department.

At the very first audience granted by Nicholas after becoming Czar to the minister of the Interior, the latter, with the object of ingratiating himself, submitted to his sovereign for signature a decree appointing for Uchomski to one of the principal posts of the department, which led the Emperor to remark sarcastically that it had taken the minister and his associates so long time to become convinced of the real worth of his friend, for whom, however, he had other intentions, and with that he laid the decree on one side without signing it.

Shortly afterwards, the prince resigned his post in the Department of the Interior, and blossomed forth as the editor and proprietor of the "Vedomosti," which is justly held to reflect the personal views and personal policies of the Emperor. Since it has been under the management of the prince it has been entirely independent of the Imperial censor, and reads as a rule and regulations of the latter. In fact, for a time the prince made a point of devoting the entire third page of his paper every day to a thoroughly truthful and altogether unvarnished portrayal of the conditions of affairs in the Interior of Russia, describing scenes that no foreign correspondent would venture to send to his paper without feeling convinced that his paper was practically being punished by the police. The prince, it is true, was taken to task by the minister of the Interior, but he curtly informed him that it was of great importance for people in high places to know exactly the condition of affairs in the Interior of the empire, and that there was but one will and one voice to consider in Russia, namely, that of the Czar, and inasmuch as the latter made no objection whatsoever to the articles, there was no cause for any one else to take exception thereto.

The Czar, besides obtaining for his friend the editorship and ownership of this newspaper, likewise created him a councillor of state, a chamberlain and a master of the ceremonies, with the honor of establishing his status at court, and some time later, when the Russo-Chinese Bank was organized by the Muscovite government, the Emperor appointed Uchomski as its president and governor thereof.

Uchomski belongs to the most ancient Muscovite nobility, being descended like the Emperor from the house of Rurik, and when the Czar wished privately to ascertain through other than official sources the reason why the people of the United States were according their sympathy to Japan rather than to Russia in the war of 1904, he dispatched the prince to this country. It was the report of Uchomski to the Czar about the conditions then existing at the Russian embassy in Washington, and of the offense created by the peculiar domestic arrangements of the envoy, which caused Nicholas to recall Count Cassini, who was only given credit for a delay, the minor post of ambassador at Madrid, on the express understanding that the ladies of his household at Washington should never cross the frontier of Spain as long as he was Russian ambassador there. The prince was likewise employed by the Czar to investigate Mr. Taylor, former Russian minister in Korea, whose marriage took place at Washington, and who, after the war, only gave credit for a version of government funds during the conflict.
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